

If any of these should be
Ghosts right, and make a law
Money upon all how they stand
How we live, and are big

THE

This is the first of the series of the
that can be made, and is the first of the series
that are in some measure borrowed from the
and he will observe that the author is not a translator, not an
has an independent right with himself, it is original. The only
have made the report, it is made at the request of the

THE

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

T H E

F L E A I A D,

A N

H E R O I C P O E M.

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61

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

THE
FLAIA D,
AN
HEROIC POEM,
WITH NOTES;

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO
PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE,

Author of the LOUSIAD, ODE UPON ODE, &c. &c.

By his KINSMAN, PAUL PINDAR, Gent.

Ἐπίπτε διόρυμβος ὁ Παρνασσὸς ἴσσι, μέγα
ἱκάντεσσι ἄκραν ἱπταβόμοιοι καθιζώμεθα —
Λουκίανου Χάρων, ἢ Ἐπιστολουργίας.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari
Peter! ceratis ope Dædaleis
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina Ponto.

HOR.

Ob! while along the Stream of Time thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame;
Say, shall my little Bark attendant sail,
Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale?

POPE.

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, AT JOHNSON'S HEAD, NO. 46, FLEET STREET.

1787.



A NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

H. B. F. & C.

W. B. F. & C.

THE NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

W. B. F. & C.

1857

On the 1st day of the month of June 1857

Witness my hand and seal at New York

the 1st day of June 1857

John W. F. & C.

1857

LONDON

PRINTED FOR G. ALLEN, AT JOHNSON'S HEAD, NO. 4, FLEET STREET

1857

T H E
P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

I HERE present thee with the *Primitiae* of my poetical labours: The great success and rising glories of my honoured kinsman Peter Pindar, Esq. have stimulated even me, all unworthy as I confess myself, to a desperate exertion of my faculties.

——— “Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
“Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.”

True it is that I cannot mount, like him, an unbridled Pegasus that now soars to the elevation of the throne of Majesty, and anon descends to the bottom of Mr. Whitbread's brewing-pan; neither can I aptly describe royal ravings or culinary clamours in the sweet and dulcet numbers of a *Loufiad*: yet do I hope that the humbler strains of the *Fleaiad* may not be fastidiously disdained by thee, unless indeed thy taste be too much refined and exalted by the lofty flights of my Kinsman, to relish the Pedestrian muse of his humble cousin.

Notes I have added to elucidate difficult passages, partly my own, partly the contribution of learned friends --- Wishing thee all profit and pleasure in thy graver and lighter studies, I bid thee farewell.

“*His utere et vale.*”

B

PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

2117

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the origin of life. It is shown that the problem is one of the most important and interesting in the history of science.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various theories of the origin of life. It is shown that the most plausible theory is that of spontaneous generation.

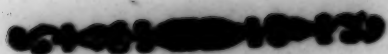
3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various experiments which have been conducted in order to test the theory of spontaneous generation. It is shown that the results of these experiments are in favor of the theory.

4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various objections which have been raised against the theory of spontaneous generation. It is shown that these objections are not valid.

5. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various conclusions which can be drawn from the foregoing.

6. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various applications of the theory of spontaneous generation.

C O N T E N T S.



THE Author addresseth Peter Pindar — Maketh honourable mention of Hewar-
dine and Captain Morris — Punneeth on his Majesty — Sheweth his knowledge in
Sacred History — Bright simile of the sun and moon, and a cur dog — Ingenious con-
jecture on the origin of fleas — Severe and witty satire on the bishops and clergy —
Deep metaphysics — More Scripture — The Hero of the Poem determineth to fasten
on Majesty; but how? — Calleth a council of his thoughts — Collecteth a mob of
back-biting brethren — Harangueth the multitude — Sheweth his skill in profane His-
tory and Mythology — Applause of his auditors — They fasten with great acrimony on
the whole court — The Lord Chamberlain bitten — Also Sir Joseph Mawbey — Also
Sir Cecil Wray — Also the Laureat — Sublime Pindarics — A snouch on the guards —
Conglomeration of families — Dutch politics — The Hero mounteth to the level of
his Majesty by means of Ode upon Ode — Simile of the royal and surprising troop of
Spaniards — The Hero attacketh Majesty on all sides in succession; but in vain —
Seized by Madam Schwellenbergen and the Laureat — Tortured, and finally cracked —
Simile of the murderers of Julius Cæsar — Congratulations of the courtiers to his Ma-
jesty on the downfall of the Hero — Conjecture of Lord Mornington — Thinketh the
Hero to be Pythagoras — The Laureat differeth therefrom — Assigneth another hypo-
thesis — Sheweth his knowledge in Pope's Homer — Majesty disregardeth the whole
business — Conclusion.

T H E

THE
F L E A I A D, &c.

OF all the Lyric bards, from Horace *
To Hewardine † and Captain Morris, ‡

In

* Q. Horatius Flaccus was a famous ballad writer of Rome, where he flourished with great eclat in the days of Augustus Cæsar; he was a member of all the fashionable clubs and societies, which need not surprize us, as he both wrote and sung a good song—but the Club he most frequented was one, the exact counter-part of the famous beef-steak club now so much in repute; as, if this place would admit, I could sufficiently demonstrate; though some critics and commentators affirm, there was no such dish as beef-steaks known to the Romans, Dr. Ainsworth's dictionary not containing any one Latin name for that favourable invention.

† “Hewardine Mr.”—Author of sundry lyrics, in which he has displayed no less pruriency of imagination, than facility of expression—His effigy truly limned, is exposed to public view in divers print-shops of this metropolis—He is supposed by his facetious cotemporaries of the Beef-steak club, to be very superior to all other Lyric writers, whether ancient, as Pindar senior, Sappho, Alcæus, Horace, &c. or modern, as Cowley, Dryden, Pope, &c.—though for this honour he has a formidable rival in

‡ “Captain Morris”—whose cantilene of Jenny Sutton, doth indeed weave a never dying wreath of laurel for his brows; it is most truly “*poema spectatissimum!*” and alike excellent whether we regard *chastity* of sentiment, brilliancy of wit, or *delicacy* of expression;—this gemini of wits are indeed “*Arcades ambo & cantare pares,*” except we throw the *Plenipotentiary* into the scale, when it evidently preponderates in favour of the Captain.

In all the grand *defiderata*
Ornant quæ poetarum prata,
 Excepting wit, design, and metre, 5
 None can compare to thee, my Peter.
 But why 'gainst George thy satire * pointed?
 Why rail against the Lord's anointed?
 Why opposites to union bring,
 And make a *subject* of the King? 10
 Had he decreed † a Servant's doom
 To take his blooming widow home,
That Man alone should dare to chide
 Whose worth to *Nathan's* is allied—
 Let Pitt or Fox thy Satire bear, 15
 But still thy Sovereign's *person* spare;
 The foulest cur the *Moon* that bays
 With awe regards the *Solar* blaze—
 Now hear a Tale—and mark the Fate
 Of Vermin, who insult the Great— 20

A Flea

* "Satire"—Latinè Satira, Satura, or Satyra,—a species of rude *biting* composition; so called, because it was supposed to be invented by the Satyrs, a kind of rustic *demigoats*—or rather, (with Dr. Bentley of critical memory) from the word *satura*, full, overflowing or fating. What inclines us to the learned Doctor's etymology is, an observation of the writings of Peter Pindar, Esquire, "*quibuscum nos satiavit;*" or which (in plain English) he has given us *rather too much* of.

† "Had he decreed, &c."—See II Samuel, c. 12 and 13th.

A Flea from low extraction sprung,
 Some say, from goose or pigeon's dung,
 Of Cornwall * tir'd, resolv'd to roam,
 Nor mope with vulgar fleas—at home.
 But like some fellow *skips*, to try
 His fortune in a purer sky—
 When Heav'n afforded not one spark
 Nor “peep'd through blanket of the dark;”
 This flea jump'd out from where he lay,
 Just as the Mail-coach pass'd that way;
 A wench stepp'd in—and on her gown
 Our hero soon arriv'd in Town—
 The carriage stops †—amaz'd he stares
 At Pimps and Bishops, ‡ Dukes and Play'rs: ||—

25

30

Tastes

* “Cornwall”—is a county of England surrounded by the sea on all sides, except to the East, where it is separated from Devonshire by the river Tamer.—It is in length 75 and in breadth 26 miles, but it grows gradually narrower towards the Land's end.—It is remarkable for its mines of tin, and for giving the title of Duke to the King's eldest son; but much more so for being the birth place of my kinsman, Peter Pindar, Esq; the *famous* Lyric bard.

† “The carriage stops, &c.”—The commentators at length are agreed, that the vehicle which had the honour of carrying to town so distinguished a personage, stopped at the Swan with two Necks, Lad Lane, Cheapside.

‡ “Bishops”—Not those comfortable draughts of wine, water, sugar, and toasted Seville orange, but certain Right Reverend persons with lawn sleeves and mitres—Their business is to promote, to the utmost of their power, Piety and the Gospel; and

to

Tastes all, but finds them not so good 35
 As his own wholesome Cornish food.
 This was too rotten, that too sour;—
 The Priests—too *luscious* to devour:
 Half famish'd, he resolv'd at last
 The flesh of Majesty to taste, 40
 And try, by making *Kings* his food,
 To prove himself of *Royal blood*;
 For *wise* philosophers * declare
 Our bodies alter ev'ry year,
 And that, thro' loss by wind and weather, 45
 We're not the same an hour together;
 But, that the flesh of goat or bull
 Turns our's—whene'er our belly's full;—

Which

to see that inferior clerical persons do their duty—for they seldom preach or perform divine service *themselves*; so that a Bishop may truly say with Horace—"Fungar vice
 "cotis, exors ipse secandi."—The sense and probity of the above description of persons, is such, that we hear Parliament have it actually in agitation to take the power of granting licences to the venders of malt liquors, &c. from the hands of the Justices, and entrust it to them.—Note, they are all *Peers of the Realm*, except the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

|| "Players"—Rogues and vagabonds at the East end of the town, but gentle-folks at the West.

* "Wise philosophers, &c." Vide the controversy between Mr. Locke and the Bishop of Worcester, wherein this opinion is ably, *coolly*, and scientifically discussed.

Which proves that Nebuchadnezzar * eat

Grass, ev'ry time he tasted meat;

50

Not that he graz'd *himself* on hillock,

But thro' the *medium* of a bullock.

This philosophic reas'ning I

Affirm will to a Flea apply—

Now as a Flea, when man he bites,

55

Sucks also in his appetites ;

And on the instant, *human* is

To all intents and purposes,

Our hero felt ambition spring,

And straight resolv'd—to bite the King;

60

In hopes to gain by better feeding,

As men *eat* † law, a better breeding.

D

But

* “Nebuchadnezzar, &c.” For the story of this Monarch vide Daniel, Chap. IV. Ver. 33. But it may not be amiss to lay before the reader an idea started by the author of an old manuscript now in my possession—viz. that he did not *really* graze; but being a person rather hypochondriac, and subject to vapours, he would frequently imagine himself a *calf*, and that he was eating grass, and such like absurdities; whilst he was really dining on a *calf's head hashed* (a dish he was remarkably fond of) in one of the apartments of his palace. My cousin Peter is often troubled with the same disorder, and imagines himself a Poet of the first magnitude:—but the difference between the Bard and Nebuchadnezzar lies in this—that the latter *imagined* himself a *calf*, not being one;—whilst Peter, *really* partaking of the qualities of that animal, is ignorant that he doth.—For other cases of this cruel and surprising disorder, see Dr. Smollet's *Roderick Random*, Vol. I.

† “As men eat law, &c.” See the Four Inns of Court, about four o'clock in the afternoon, in Term time.

But how to compass this!—he knew
 That Kings have lords, and life-guards too?
 Yet if, his opportun'ty watching, 65
 He once could set them all a scratching,
 He in their flurry and their haste
 Might reach the Monarch's brawn at last.
 "But, ah!" thought he, and heav'd a sigh,
 "No Flea is here but feeble I; 70
 "And who in's perfect senses would
 "Engage *alone* a multitude?"
 Then in despair he slapp'd his *bum*,
 To try if any trick would come;
 For's wit, tho' *poor*, thro' thirst of glory, 75
 Disdains to dwell i'th' *attic** story,
 But, cloath'd in *fundamental* wind,
 Affails our senses from behind.
 His faculties, at getting vent,
 Sent forth so strong and sweet a scent, 80
 As

* "Attic story." Not the Athenian page or history, but the uppermost part of a dwelling-house, vulgò a garret; it is called the *attic* story, because Poets and Wits usually take up their residence in it—that their *attic salt* may come *down* on the multitude with greater force, and because they wish to have their habitation as *elevated* as their ideas.

As straight unnumber'd Fleas collected
 (So rats by rhodium are affected);
 With all our Flea acquaintance * claims his,
 Whom's scent had drawn about St. James's,
 Then mounts a *kindred louse's* † back,
 And thus bespeaks the greedy pack —
 “ Whether on homely rug ye sport,
 “ Or loll on *counterpane* at Court,
 “ Whether ye play in Madam's ear ‡
 “ Or make her blanket's wool your care;
 “ Assist me—and the Monarch's blood
 “ Shall glut the meanest of your brood—

85

90

“ Giants

* “ With all our Flea, &c.” — The major part of these his most gracious Majesty's *back-biters* came from the blankets of those who enjoy lucrative employments immediately under him.

† “ Kindred louse, &c.” — See the adventures of that creature by Peter Pindar, Esquire. It is remarkable for its attachment to the human species; and according to the opinion of some naturalists, breeds faster in the heads of stupid people than others, it being generated by thick vapours arising from the brain, &c. — for it is a certain fact, that that species of the *Pediculus* which inhabits the head, is the most sluggish, and not near so alert and nimble as the others.

‡ “ Madam's ear” — Alluding to the common phrase of “ Such a one has got a flea in her ear ” — of much the same signification with the homelier one, “ She has watered a nettle.”

" Giants in Heathen times, 'tis said,
 " Hurl'd Pelion * upon Ossa's head,
 " In hopes at length to mount the sky;
 " Then say, my friends, why should not I,
 " Form'd as I am, a giant flea,
 " To Jove † ascend the self-same way?
 " See how the Royal floor is strow'd
 " With *mountain* heaps of Birth-day ode!
 " Enough—for to the flea who wise is,
 " The slightest hint, my friends, suffices—
 " But first, by *bites* *their* care remove
 " Who're nearest in the Monarch's love."

95

100

Now ev'ry flea skipp'd forth in haste,
 Not Dido's ‡ workmen mov'd so fast—
 Quick, on probationary ode
 Mounted, each flea prepares to goad:—
 Hark! how the smart makes Sal'sb'ry roar,
 Sal'sb'ry, who ne'er was *bit* before;

105

110

A *snout*

* "Hurl'd Pelion, &c." — *Αὐτὰρ ἐπ' Ὀσση Πήλιον ἱεροσι-φύλλον.* HOM.

† "To Jove"—His Majesty.

‡ "Not Dido's workmen, &c."—"Instant ardentes Tyrii, pars ducere muros
 "Moliriq; arcem, manibusq; advolvere saxa."

VIRG. *Æneid* the first, &c.

A *snout* applied — behold a *stie*
 Starts up on good Sir Joseph's eye;
 Mark! how his sense of pain Sir Cecil
 Dissembles, and affects to whistle—
 Whilst's Cornish fleaship makes a dart on
 The only fenceless part of Warton;
 Presumptuous wretch! who dares to jump
 O'th' Laureat's *chronologic* * rump! —
That part of't which when Tom's a straddle
 Scarce touches *Pegasean* † *saddle*;
 Nor fears that sacred chasm below,
 Thro' which poetic odours flow,
 Such as did erst, with holy fire
 The Delphick Prophetess inspire—

115

120

E

This

* "O'th' Laureat's *chronologic* rump" — This epithet *chronologic*, is caused by a trifling mistake of the Rev. T. Warton's, in making Chaucer record the battle of Agincourt. It is affirmed with some appearance of truth, that this mistake was intentional; either in order to provoke his adversaries to a battle of wit, or good-naturedly to wipe away from the glorious age of Henry V. the imputation of not being able to produce one bard of any note to sing the immortal victories of that "*Monarch Hero*."

† "Pegasean Saddle"—Pegasus is a train'd Hunter, a present from his Majesty to Tom Warton. He is of a *mountain* breed, and of course low and small made, yet moves astonishingly well; and the only fault in him is, that he leaps all-fours; which sometimes throws Tom out of his seat—he is however, a perfect beauty, beside my cousin Peter's road-hack.

This fume snuff'd up—is't strange, if we
Saw Lyric bitings of a flea?

“ Beheld him from afar

“ Mount *Pindar's* rapid car,

“ Seize the reins

“ And drive thro' *Staines*,

“ On *Windfor's* plains

“ To wage *poetic* war!”

In short an universal itch

Caught hold on ev'ry courtier's breech:—

Beef-eaters roar'd with lungs of leather,

And guards* grinn'd *two and two together*;

The White Rod, Black Rod, and Gold Stick,

In act of scratching mov'd as quick

As't Procris† flew the dart of Cephalus;

Or Alexander‡ pac'd Bucephalus;

Or

* “ And guards, &c.”—See the “ march to the Bank,” exhibited for the entertainment of the public, in all the Print-shops

† “ As't Procris flew, &c.”—This lady was wife to Cephalus, and so jealous of him, as to grudge him the embraces of “ *the bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets* :” She watched with Argus eyes all his motions—and one day particularly, as he went a hunting, she followed; but for fear of discovery, concealed herself in a neighbouring thicket. Her husband, who had some item of the matter, and who, no doubt, was weary of her temper; on hearing a rustling noise, shot an arrow into the thicket, and pierced

Or, as a vixen's tongue — or when
 He's hungry, a poor poet's pen;
 Or — but my story to pursue —
 Our Hero at the Monarch flew,
 More fierce, than at Achilles Hector,
 Or Bacchus at a bowl of nectar;
 And with a greater thirst, and bolder
 Than ever Patriot* at Stadtholder:
 But found his elevation such
 As baffled every Vermin touch —
 But the hint contain'd in his speech
 Now striking ev'ry flea on's breech,
 Instructs them how, upon a level
 With Jove himself, to raise the Devil; —
 Ode upon Ode with studious care,
 And flea on back of flea they rear,

145

150

155

Unknowing,

her to the heart. This should be a caution to all modern wives how they suffer themselves to be tortured by a foolish jealousy, which most frequently, like this unhappy lady's, *has its foundation in air*.

† Alexander was a Macedonian horse-rider, famous for breaking that spirited stallion Bucephalus to the rein; which he effected by breaking his wind with hard riding. — This is the method some administrations take, to break the spirit of a nation.

* "Patriot at Stadtholder" — Patriots are a parcel of Dutchmen, who rather than run the hazard of an enemy's laying waste their lands by the sword, do it themselves by water; something like a man under sentence, who shoots himself for fear he should not be reprieved.

Unknowing, that their chief e'er late
 Must meet his brother giant's fate,
 Who proudly now, with fable crest,
 Stands eminent above the rest —
 Thus * have I seen at Sadler's Wells
 The dextrous Spaniards form themselves,
 Till in a pyramid they rise,
 And reach the *artificial skies* —
 Now mounted on the pillar high,
 Our Hero cast around his eye,
 Anxious † left first some ambush'd flea
 Might bite, and bear the palm away;
 Then sternly turn'd to the attack,
 And fasten'd on the Monarch's back.
 But all in vain, his empire's care
 And int'rests so his bosom tear,
 So drink his blood, our flea can find
 No drop to quench his thirst behind;

160

165

170

More

* "Thus have I seen, &c." Every man of *taste* must have seen and admired the *surprising* and *astounding* feats of the royal troop of Spaniards at the Wells.

† "Anxious, left first, &c." Λαοῖσι δ' ἀνένει καρήατι διδῶς Ἀχιλλεύς,
 'Οὐδ' ἵα ἱμῖναι ἐπὶ Ἑκτορα πικρὰ Βίλεμνα,
 Μὴ τις κῦδος αἴροιο βαλὼν ὁ δὲ δευτέρῳ ἰλθοί.

Iliad XXII. line 205.

More fierce a second time he tries, 175
 But still no blood the back supplies.
 To bite he now resolves no more
 Behind, but try his luck before ;
 But as he turn'd, the Monarch's eye
 Shot forth a flash of brilliancy :— 180
 Scorch'd * by the blaze, supine he fell,
 His friends † skipp'd off with hideous yell ;
 Helpless and sprawling, ev'ry Maid
 Of Honor's heel ‡ to's sense convey'd
 Th' idea of a falling rock, 185
 In agony he waits the shock.
 Not Dionysius' sword || suspended,
 More real danger erst portended.

F But

* "Scorch'd by the blaze." The giants of old who attempted to scale heaven were struck down by Jupiter's lightning.

† This *prudential* conduct of the fleas in deserting their friend in his distress, we presume, arises from their close *consanguinity* to mankind.

‡ "Of honor's heel," Maids of honor, *servæ honoris*, are a species of court ladies who attend her Majesty's person, and are *supposed* to be virgins!

|| This sword of Dionysius we apprehend was typical, and signified nothing more or less than a parliamentary impeachment—For this our conjecture we refer to Warren Hastings, Esq.

But not for Maid of Honour, is
Reserv'd such victory as this— 190

Dame Schwellenbergen took her oat
He foul'd her under petticoat;
Then with a pair of German sheers
Cut off* th' unhappy culprit's ears;
And, when sufficiently sh'ad rack'd him, 195
Laid him on Tommy's nail—and crack'd him.

As when the patriotic few
At Pompey's statue Cæsar flew,
Of's blood to wipe away the sin
They plung'd their swords and daggers in— 200

So, when from flea the liquor gush'd,
With eager haste the courtiers rush'd,
And each, by it t' allay his itching,
Stoop'd down and bravely dipp'd his breech in:
All but Sir Joe, who's we've expounded, 205
Not on the a—e but eye was wounded.

My

* "Cut off th' unhappy, &c." "Last Valentine's day as bright Phœbus shone clear,
"I caught a buck flea, and I cut off his ear,"—
Tol la, tol la, tol lol, derol a.

“ My liege,” cries Mornington, “ egad
 “ I firmly think * that *puce* was mad,
 “ Or else Pythagoras, † (for I
 “ Will ‡ swear I saw his golden thigh)
 “ Who bit your Majesty behind fore
 “ ‘Cause beans thrive in your town of Windsor.” ||
 “ My Lord,” says Tom, “ that’s *partly* true,
 “ And well enough observ’d — for you —

210

’Twas

* “ I firmly think, &c.” Here is observable the true and genuine politeness of the noble Earl, who thinking the word “Flea” too gross for the ears of Majesty, delicately expresses himself in the politer language of our Parisian neighbours.

† “ Or else Pythagoras.” Pythagoras was an Italian philosopher, who held the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls; imagining, with great appearance of reason, that when we die we shall inhabit the bodies of those animals to whom our lives bore any resemblance, or on whom we had exercised any particular cruelties — Thus an evil courtier is often changed into a turnspit, a pedant into a book-worm, and an alderman into a turtle of an enormous size; in which form he is condemned to feel all the pains of cookery, be calipashed, and, oh! vilest disgrace! served up as a delicious feast to his *juniors* of the gown.

‡ “ For I will swear,” This deserves serious attention, as it is well known his Lordship never affirms any thing that is not physically true.

|| “ Windsor,” A town in Berkshire, with a market on Saturdays, and three fairs — famous for being the residence of Majesty; for the excellence of that useful leguminous plant, vulgarly, the *Windsor bean*; and though last, not least, for sending as its representative to the great council of the nation, Richard Earl of Mornington, of the kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the illustrious order of St. Patrick, one of the Lords Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Treasurer of England, &c. &c. &c.

" 'Twas not the sage, himself, but from
 " His school some raging poet come
 " In form of flea t' attack my bum,
 " That part by which my mother caught me
 " When t' th' Heliconian * stream she brought me;
 " Which only, like the *Tend. Achillis*, 220
 " From envious bards expos'd to ill is." —
 Thus smoothly ran the courtier's chat;
 One thought 'twas this, and t'other that —
 But George was silent still, who ne'er
 Conceive'd the matter worth a care: — 225
 Whilst I, but that you liv'd I knew,
 Imagin'd Peter! 't had been you. —

* "When t' th' Heliconian stream she brought me." It is reported that the Rev. Laureat's mother, when he was newly born, caught him by the rump and dipped him in Helicon — It is rather singular, that seeing the accident that befell his great prototype Achilles from his mother Thetis's folly, Tom's mama did not guard against the like accident, but left his rump (in which, according to poetical anatomy, chronology is supposed to be seated, as it ever lies *behind*) exposed to every attack — but the reason is this; that her maternal fondness, and her attachment to the church of England, prevented her giving him a *total immersion*; so great was her dislike even to a *poetical Anabaptist*.

F I N I S.

